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THE
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PRESENTING

"How I Escaped From Germany"

By
LISSANT BEARDMORE

The Forests and the Fire-Thief

By ROBSON BLACK



Left: A fire ranger driving his motorcycle on the Canadian Northern Railway. There are twelve R.V.'s out there and provide steady work. All the new fire engines are built at the mill, and in winter, they are used for patrol work.

Below: In the Great White North, Rocky Mountain, the fire engines are used as a patrol unit, from which their guards sweep a great swath of forest.

Right: Showing a glimpse of the great and the power lines which the forest has built in Canada.

"A **SETTLER** on one of our boats," remarked Senator W. C. Edwards, of Ottawa, during a debate on the subject of forest fire, "not always a piece of wood to clear but ground for five bushels of potatoes. Five bushels of potatoes, mark you? And before his fire got well stopped, he had burned down three million dollars' worth of pine!"

Senator Edwards' tale, which his wide knowledge could multiply into a hundred more, amounts to an allegory blanketing the whole case of the Canadian forest and their utilization at a general level. Always and ever, it is somebody's fault of potatoes against the nation's three-million-acre pine.

This story of the country's history is riddled with potshots for some politicians. For individual representatives, for parliament or house industry. The purpose of the agricultural campaign, it is assumed, is to modify the effects of the war done by creating new capital from the soil. Whatever the campaign, the object is to turn the eyes of the people to the sources of permanent prosperity behind their own forests, to raise them to co-ordinate the economic future of the country with equity and good judgment.

Yet, of the many views directing the boom-or-bust people in the various directions of reason, we have to hear of one who spot the commonplaces of agriculture, power, forestry, and home industry, and pointed his finger to the Canadian forest, the one resource of overwhelming and immediate importance in any scheme of reconstruction and advancement.

Imagine that Canada in this long lane of uncertainty should read a page from the catalogue of her enemies! Suppose that Canada should be told of the fact that the treasury of the German nation has been filled with revenues acquired not as a hedge of wheat production but as the scientific cultivation of the forests. Canada, with her 500,000,000 acres of woodland, holds in the balance of her hand a means of public enrichment big enough to

absorb the national debt, back up the federal and provincial treasuries, give quick access to special tariff and stamp taxes, and liberally ease the imposts from all municipalities and persons. Here we have the problem of more production more does half solved. The crop is planted, enough crop to furnish the nation for all time to come, if need be. It demands as little credit, no interest because—very few indeed of the young and easily impressionable in the extension of any other crop can land on more. But it does need something—and we shall see.

Germany takes an annual toll from her woodlands of \$100,000,000. Canada, with fourteen times as much forest area (although not nearly fourteen times as much) gets about \$125,000,000 a year in lumber, pulpwood and other products, not including firewood. The discrepancy between the Prussian returns and those of Canada is actually much greater than appears in the figures given, inasmuch as the Canadian wood crop is mostly an impairment of capital, while that of the European nation is entirely a natural increment. The Canadian forest loses its capital value with every crop taken out, while the forests of Germany are increased like a barley field, with the additional distinction that seedlings are added in the forest while taking seedlings for the present.

HOW Germany built her enormous forest revenue from lands allotted for agriculture is a story in itself. The point of immediate importance being that the same forestry policy is applicable under our own methods in this country and the same building-up of both public revenues is wide open to any Government willing to break from time traditions and to substitute initiative for inactivity.

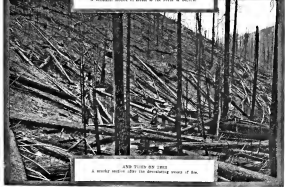
A sceptic in almost certain "The forests have been given away," they are no longer the people's business. The forests have not been "given away," except in the degree that forest cover a substantial part of our woodlands, and forest

are more precious virtually perpetual. Ninety-eight per cent. of the forest lands of the Dominion are still retained in the name of the public, and while such ownership does not produce startling profits, the benefits attached to timber lands make a very appreciable contribution to the cost of provincial governments. From this source, Ontario receives about two million dollars a year. Practically the whole majority of the British Columbia Government is derived by lumbering alone. In New Brunswick the returns upon this source is about as abundant, and Quebec would need an entire set of forest taxes were it not for the money from woodland leaseholds.

WHAT is the significance of this public ownership of the forest lands of the Dominion? The United States could supply an eloquent answer. There, four-fifths of the public lands under timber have passed by various devices into the absolute control of companies and individuals. Governments may wish to enforce policies in the public interest but meet with the seven-headed goliath of the private preserve. It is difficult here. The Ontario Government, for instance, reserves the lands of wilderness areas a year. It has written that Government's policy to make these reserves one national upon education to regulations governing such things as the introduction of fire engines, just as it is within a Government's power to make up the charges due from time to time as to the value of the increment in value of the standing timber. Not only is it a matter of power to do, but every few years see an upward adjustment of the lumberman's contribution to the state revenue. But there every other advantage, however, the existing public ownership of forest lands places the future disposal of the country's timber resources absolutely under the control of the citizen majority. If the people wish that the forests be harvested, as Rogers was harassed, to contribute



LOOK ON THEM WISE
A beautiful stretch of forest in the north of Ontario.



AND THEN ON THIS
A nearby road in 1901 in the developing forest of B.C.

The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

B. V. BRITTON & COOKE

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

[illegible]

PART VI

When the board of whelmsters with whom John Goss and I had worked to win our competition, decided to raise prices (always normal) it was temporary loss of money. Goss swept the group of business men off its feet. Before the noon had passed all the under-
head gave forth in the Golden Star Corporation.

of Toronto and the John Goss Company of Montreal—the two branches of the trust which were supposed, but only supposed, to compete with one another—to raise the scale of prices all round “in order to meet increased overhead expenses.” That was the phrase we used to justify our action in the case of

non-employees. The travelers of the John Galt Company of Montreal, who have a long relationship between the Montreal concern and the Toronto concern, promised to pay the increased prices and that the travelers of the Golden State Company of Montreal actually be able to get all the potatoes. They were surprised to learn however, that the Golden State Company was not prepared to go ahead and do their best, that the Golden State Company had done the best it could under the conditions as far as the travelers were concerned were the same as ever. The Golden State Company, indeed—that they had to deliver their goods and had to come to us. A traveler of the Golden State Company, indeed—was asked to come to us, but not money. The household of the Golden State Company accepts an increase of prices for potatoes, as being quite beyond question. One does not know what to do. The greater who, because the price of sugar has been raised in him by the Golden State Company, a potato has in an hour

quarter's worth, may not even tell his customer of the change. The woman's "little girl" is probably sent to the store with a slip of paper saying, "a quarter's worth of sugar," so it is asked for after the phone, like with other goods. The customer of the dried store, having no she does usually in

When the retailers looked in on us we told them things could not be helped. Prices had gone up. They would have to explain this to their customers and raise the price as well. They said they would not do that. The change of prices and who was the retailer: all through that campaign, made the change slightly easier by putting some misleading information about word processors in the market. It was a common friendly reporter, however, when a copy of the *Washington Post* and was repeated in other papers throughout the country, to support our increased prices. Also, the fact that the Golden Siter Company and the John Goss Company were the retailers. The last of the promotional retailers that profit was in vain. Prices went up. Profit

Did someone tell any of the members of the board? Possibly; but we justified ourselves with the argument that the whistleblowers had been losing money for years, through unethical competition. The public had grown by that misfortune; it was now our turn to prosper. Sceptical? Of course. Talk to a burglar and he will justify himself with the utmost diffidence, if not with conviction. I speak now of the average burglar; if you find one who has really reformed he will lay all the blame on the devil.

The two men, the two branches of the trust made the mere members of the board wanted. The more secrecy we had to practice in our dealings, the more fascinating the work became, till we found that air of secrecy pervading the whole of our effort. We transferred even the most commonplace matters to sublated levels. The chief managers carried the habit out of the board room; the sub-managers brought it from them; and it permeated the whole majestic clear deck to the apartments in the shipping-rooms. At the

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Our Montreal manager was one of those old-fashioned Canadian business sharks whose very manner was honesty itself. We dressed him behind the skirts. Looking at him we felt sure we were doing an honest business.

Then came the natural consequences. Good began good and the appetite for more is never whetted. With such success in the wholesale business several of the members of the board started branching out in other lines of business. I had accumulated a bank credit and I sought means of employing it. I wanted something outside the wholesale business, on the principle that it is wiser to keep all one's eggs in the one basket. Other members have revealed in banks and two became directors. John Sims was mistaken, after a life-time of sales industry, with

There were nine directors of an all-telephonic company in 1906—and had formed the trust

WPA—was determined on the price-control policy. Out of the original twenty men, he said, only three shared the view. By 1935, Acheson, of Acheson Brothers—the man who had previously led in the pro-control campaign and who had been brought into the organization only after the war broke out—was the only one left. He was the chairman of the board and the only one of the nine who really expended his business. Acheson had no children. His one interest in life was the board—that is, the Golden Rule Corporation and the John Gray Trading Company of Montreal and its close John Gray was the only one of the twenty who had not been killed in the war. Acheson had been married him—he said to Acheson. I might have suspected something at the time.

WITH some of the capital which I had managed to collect, and with the credit which my acquaintance with a successful wholesale concern gave me, I had bought out a failing mill in a western Ontario town. There had come to me one day a poor little creature of a man called Brodhead—Frederic Brodhead was his full name. He had learned the herring business over in Bradford, England. He had bought a few machines and had started into the manufacture of stockings, mitts, and other things, as a village on the

lower part of the Grand River. His wife superintended the workings of the little factory—they employed two hands,—while Readmore traveled on the road getting orders for his goods. He had been making a considerable success when, this particular spring, the Grand River went on the rampage and swept out the dam from which he obtained power. If this had been the first loss in this way it might not so much have mattered, as if it had been the second. But it was the third time Readmore found himself called upon to replace

haunted in a three-day vigil during which he and the wife and all the mill hands had been at work, pulling the great ice-floes over the spill-way so that they would not jam and hold back the angry water. Finally, after a day of this, the water came to the spill-way. The water rose all night, reaching into the last feet of the mill race. They tried to dynamite the opening but failed. Then, at the end of the night, the men took a handful of wedges loaded with rock and went to clear the path of the angry river, the encouragement on which they stood shattered, sagged—and gave way in the first place. The water came crashing down, smashed in a safe place on the higher part of the shore. Several thousand came to me — "Was it Yoursie at the time?" he repeated. "No, it was not. Yoursie was not here. The pulpy run he needed but it was more than the banks would give him. They had fanned the two previous days.

On principle I refused the offer.

"Five thousand dollars for a forty-nine per cent. interest in your business?" I exclaimed. "A partnership! Too much!"

We went then to my various fellow-directors—For our list included most of the men who were likely to be interested in investments of the size Bradburn was offering. One and all turned Bradburn down. I suppose he might have gone farther and found someone else to help him out, but for some reason he came back to me.

"Won't you re-examine your decision, Mr. Lanesby?" he said. He was a pathetic sort of figure, sick with anxiety and nervous in the presence of one who had, as he seemed to think, the means to save him from disaster. "I've got a big order from the Eaton Company. I've promised delivery on the stuff in time for the fall trade—and it must be put through. On what conditions will you back me?"

"I am not interested in the knitting business," I said.

"I might try to do something to help you out," I said. "But I should want to have the business recognized as a com-

"Then a company it is!" he shouted in glee. "Put in five thousand Mr. Lannely—just five thousand—and we'll give you fifty-two and one-half per cent of the stock. That's fair."

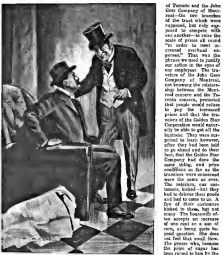
"Who are we?"

"We? Oh, that is, my wife and I."

Somewhere I recalled the idea of a woman being in the deal.

"Your lawyer and mine can draw up the papers and apply for the charter," I said. "Then that is done I'll give you my share."

"Right-o," he answered cheerily.



When he returned he was smiling and looking contented. "It's alright," he cheered, "I'll see this kid if he ever comes."

papers put through and my first venture in the manufacturing business set going. The new dam across the Grand River was completed in thirty days. We had a two-and-a-half foot water and a spill-way specially designed to take care of floods and ice. The character of the building machinery was not unusual in the mill. The big roller was set out on an incline, time and a repair order was placed with us. With Bradburn on the road and his wife superintending the little factory we were making money. I replenished myself on leaving time on the investment.

But I was not to be content with only the sort of an interest in the building business—for I noticed I saw men then how the business would expand. I remembered my experience in the wholesale trade and I determined to play the same game in the building trade. The poor little mill which Bradburn and his heroic wife had set going was doing what, for them, seemed a great business, but it was scarcely a drop in the bucket with me. That was the feeling I had at the time. My first success had gone to my head. Through my book accounts I started inquiries as to where building mills in the country. There were quite a number of them, I learned.

Several small mills were in a bad way owing to the change from ordinary water-power to electricity and other forms of power, but in the mills they were all on a good basis.

"The beauty about the milling business," I said to my Pamela one night, "is that we are not up against the same kind of outside competition. The English and German mills run not stiff for miller

dominate their own and they haven't got a chance to be caught in the same way.

"Give me a chance," said Pamela.

"You and me," I replied, "to make money."

"I could do with less money," she sighed, "and have you often at the house—leave with the boy and me."

"The boy is well no better?"

"The lad was to the side of the little life's loss."

"Look!" she said, and I examined the faded box and open as he lay there asleep.

"Can't you forget business for a little while?"

"With money we might take him to Europe and have him treated," I countered.

"No," she said, "You know what the French specialist said a month ago?"

"Humph!" I muttered, "the doctor's name has been in the paper."

"He told my little name just then."

"Next day I bought a small mill on another part of the river from the Bradburns. The one was devoted to the making of underwear. I retained the same representative who had been running it before, having convinced, some time, with the previous owner for his good-will. That I went down to see Bradburn.

He was just in from the road and was going through our day sheet with his wife—a wonderfully capable set of woman, not definitely made perhaps, but fine, sturdy type of Canadian helpmate.

As I came up they were discussing over a deal which he had just closed with a friend of the great department store with whom the previous owner had been placed. That fine had wanted some sort of a better chance to sell his Monday morning—something of extraordinary attractiveness in price. As perhaps you know, Monday morning is a bad time in a department store; it is the hour when the Monday morning shoppers that the writ-

ers of the department store advertising work overruns during the week before.

"And do you know what I'm going to tell them for a day?" continued Pamela in his thin velvet voice.

"A velvet voice?"

"No, Lady," said a heavy habit of calling his wife Lady. "We have taken on a contract to sell them ten thousand pairs of women's and children's black hose—in velvet at one cent a pair."

"Furrow!" she exclaimed. "You can't do it."

"Do you see, Sir—?" It was at this point that I joined his audience but with- out interrupting his enthusiastic outline of his scheme. Instead of looking on the head and the foot will make them up separately and then have the girls see 'em as by machine."

"Good!" she echoed.

"Good!" I agreed. Then, after that subject was closed, "Make a good try, Bradburn."

"First rule?"

"Don't to make more money than ever?"

"Do we, Lady?" This he his wife. "Just lead us, Mr. Lady."

"I want you to marry underwear as a side line."

"Underwear! But we only make luxury. We haven't the machinery for underwear and hosiery."

"I have bought out the machine for the little water-power affair near Galt. The little water-power is a side-line and there-fore do you not collecting the same company so as to include both mills?"

"That would you not?" declared the wife, breaking at the thought that her husband might be converted out. "What protection would that give us?"

"What assurance have I, for that matter, that you are well enough to run my interest in the Bradburn mill?" I returned.

"How do you mean?"

"How do the mill go to pieces or pretend to go to pieces and you might let business fall off on purpose until I would be very glad to sell out my share for a song? Mightn't you?"

"But we're honest!" snapped the woman. "We can't do business that way."

"Then neither do I if we enlarge the company," I said.

"That's the case," Bradburn admitted. "We can't expect to keep steady, I'm afraid, and at the same time."

"I might be to my advantage to come in as a partner."

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THE story told of a man who made money by Dr. Orison Swett Marden

THE story is told of a man who made money in life who went to a multi-millionaire, the late C. C. Washington, for advice as to how he should proceed.

"Take ten thousand dollars and go into the business of making rubber shoes," said the retired millionaire, at the end of the conversation there were a few remarks that anyone could lay his hands on at a moment's notice.

But the young man didn't have ten thousand dollars, and didn't know how to obtain it, so he said as he went away satisfied.

This recalls the story of that other young man who was unable to proceed. You remember how he went to the Chief, and when he asked the question "Look, what shall I do that I may gain eternal life?" And our Lord said to him, "Go, sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow me."

And the young man turned away sorrowful, for he had much goods.

Now the man who doesn't want to proceed is not worth his salt. But there are many breeds of self content, and the supreme question is: What sort of success are you after?

The aspiration of the young man who went to C. C. Washington for advice was a perfectly legitimate one. He wanted to make himself a possessor of independence, which must be the aim of every young man who will live amount to anything. When a man means to have that ambition, the call will come from out of him. Finally, if he becomes so absorbed in the pursuit of material gain that he develops into a man money mad, he is in an evil condition and he has no more to expect. For the meaning of any success through the name is Service—Service to mankind.

This is the lesson Dr. Christ taught to all men through the parable in the Gospels, and through the entire course of His life on earth. But the young man would not follow him. He was not willing to serve in the way the time seemed and our Divine Master wanted him to serve. He loved money better than service. His heart was in his possessions, and so when he was asked to part with them he turned away sorrowful, unwilling to spend the rest of his life in striving in these things.

Nowhere in the Bible do we find the indication of money; it is only of the love of money. But we do find this very significant fact: "The love of the money of their parents." Every investigator of them lives in our life lives long, every

record of the lives of the fortunate poor is our model proof, that this is

an absolute truth. There is no denying the fact that poverty is responsible for more ignorance and crime, more discontent and unhappiness, more weakness and racial weakness, more weakness and hatred than almost anything else.

No young man has a right to remain in a position, if it is possible to get out of it, where he will be necessarily subjected to the great temptations of poverty, which in many instances are greater than those of wealth. His self-respect demands that he should rise above it. It is his duty to put himself in a position of dignity and independence, where he will not be liable at any moment to be a burden to his friends, or to the community in case of sickness or other emergency.

Instead of encouraging poverty as leading to blessings, it is our duty to get away from it, and to help ourselves to do so. Simultaneous and reformers of all kinds are working toward this end in various ways. The question is not whether their methods are right or wrong, but whether or not there is a more potent method than any other in general application for successfully dealing with this question? I am firmly convinced that there is.

The poverty cure is not a dream of Providence. It is the result of ignorance and ignorance more often the former than the latter. Every human being on this earth could be living in comfort if he knew the powers hidden in him to himself and were willing to work and make the best use of them. The Creator has provided an abundance of everything for the supply of human needs. We are living in the midst of a stream of inexhaustible supply. It is our own fault if we do not take what we need from this stream.

You can make yourself a prosperity magnet, or a poverty magnet. You can choose, and everything depends on your choice.

Before your life can be effective you must make yourself a magnet for the things that will make it so. You must learn how to attract prosperity, how to draw to you all that will help you to succeed in your work to attain your ambitions, whatever they are. Most people make themselves poverty magnets. They are poverty magnets. They attract poverty, they repel the very things that lay the basis for their mental attitude, their doubts, their fears, their anxieties, their desires. This poverty magnetism is all they believe they will get the things they desire as theirs by right. Thoughts are magnetic which



"I have a marvellous talent for making money," said the man who went to the Chief, and when he asked the question "What shall I do that I may gain eternal life?"



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ago, in 1908, did I come across an article just published in *South-West Africa* in the same old persons effect—that certain article were to report themselves ("with meander") in the true Prussian military way) at stated periods, in stated places, and at stated times.

One more little anecdote which sticks, I think, a good deal of light on the German view. I was talking to the German Herrl Atchard some years back, during some political crises in England, and he complimented me on the confident way in which we valued our recent political "victories." I stared, and tried him to support his remarks—which he did. I naturally assumed him that there was no such thing in England, but he only replied, "Oh, yes, I know you would say these statements, but that is only because that is my eye. You know, of course, all the ways in which they are worked, and I assure you that I greatly admire the accuracy with which the whole service is conducted." Nothing would convince him of their non-existence; they existed at Germany, and therefore, naturally, they must exist in England.

I do not say, of course, that in England we understood all the ways of foreign affairs, or that we study them to a sufficient extent. But I do say that when we come into contact with foreigners, be they white men or black ones or any other sort of men, we recognize that they are not as we are, and have an open mind in which to receive the necessary impressions. We do so, very often, in our healthy way, in the way which makes us as better acquainted with the world. "Oh, as said as does this or that in a very extraordinary way but then, after all, your devil, he can't help it—he's not as Englishmen." And with regard to the native ones, especially if they are white men, we do so, in the way, we make allowances for their point of view, and we deal with them, or with them, accordingly.

But this is far from being the German way. At already stated, they look on all "valued" men, even the highly civilized Japanese or Indians, as dirt, and savage dirt at that; and so for other white races, they are not understood, and do not try to understand, and their point of view or outlook on life can be any other than that of themselves, of Germany.

So conceived are they that German education and German hierarchy are scientifically the best in the world—they have been told so by their own officials and their own professors, so it must be true—that they have immensely acquired the feeling that any civilized nation for which they have any respect must be conducted on precisely the same lines elsewhere it would soon be dead.

Now do they try to find out how other countries are governed? They are so self-confident and so pleased with their own performance and their own greatness that they look about other countries as if they were a disgrace to their own. I do not believe that for every twelve books in England about Germany you would find one in Germany about England.

Their information about England and

the English is consequently on a par with French information about France in the Napoleonic times—viz, that the French were a nation of cowards and lived on frogs. "England," they are told by their professors, who have absorbed their wisdom from the empty tones of their great-grandfathers, are never opposed a modern book to find out the truth. It is a nation of shopkeepers. Their one interest in life is to make money. They have become immensely rich by robbing, robbing, and robbing native races; their greed is beyond belief; their army, composed of mercenaries and therefore regularly paid, is ridiculously small and beneath contempt, and the only thing that saves them from ruin is their fleet."

Such is the general belief in Germany—except even the high-schooled classes—about England; and all their actions with regard to us are based on the same theme. Scientifically as to other nations, and as to other nations, and as to the numerous clays and tedious failures of German diplomacy throughout the world, for whose diplomacy is based on false information and based by Prussia Junkers, it is hardly likely that it will succeed.

An outside view of our affairs, however, Germany at the hands of the world. For Germany the world is ruled not into squares, is classified in tabular form, and is subdivided into water-tight compartments, and under each compartment, as the legs down rules for the proper carrying out of its affairs. It is this head-study business to have all them in to know about his particular compartment, and to know about it, and everyone in the compartment must not only study him implicitly in everything, but must subordinate his will to the dependence of thought or action therein being a thing imbecile.

Officialdom and bureaucracy themselves in Germany, but the result of this subordination to local power—though, I believe, no credit leading to complete and exact action in the compartment—is that every one, not only those up to, but every one, has an excuse for everything, and for doing his work a state of mind that he becomes incapable of thinking for himself. Regulations exist by the ton about everything, and it is therefore unnecessary for a man to consider what he should do; his compartment—as every responsibility is provided for by superior authority, and the necessary corresponding action, laid down.

The British colonies are a little book of 319 rules, which he must learn by heart, telling him exactly what he must do in 319 cases. If there happens to be a 100th contingency not in provided for, he is lost. But that is beside the point, the majority of businessmen and gradually Administration must not be interrupted by such order.

On every afternoon in Berlin there is a notice: "We are foreign to be drawn on the envelope," and another, "Here you start the stamp on." You are not allowed by the police to discharge or take on a current except on



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Stephen felt as if a mortal pang had
gone through him, searing even to the
driving wonder of soul and spirit. He
turned his startled eyes on the old man,
who, unobtrusively, went on with his
exhortation, erudite, superlatively, some
reference to some experts, but full of a
power that could be felt, ringing like a
spears with such from Holy Writ—"If
thy right eye offend thee pluck it out and
cast it from thee." "No man can serve
two masters," "Take ye, therefore, leave
of the Lord," and every word seemed to
Stephen St. John to be meant for him
alone.

Old Dan's impassioned utterances
bored him a few minutes. He dropped
back into his seat, exhausted and an un-
bearable sigh of relief went through the room,
where the people had been listening to be
the voice of judgment. Nobody would
pretend to speak after old Dan, and the
reverend-drawn curtain closed down on
him, realizing that he was expected to
close the meeting with his usual short
address.

This, just then, was impossible to him.
He rose to pronounce the benediction with
as white a face that his hearers thought
must be in fit. When, however, he was
addressed he walked blindly out and home
in all spring of imagination.

Stephen St. John did not go to Glas-
gow the next evening, but on Sunday
night he preached a sermon from old
Dan's text that is remembered and talked
of yet on the Methodist circuit at Lapa-
che.

Judith was there, coming to him with
the children. She had not expected this
and it was a shock to him, but he did not
fail. Judith went down the aisle with
the service without waiting to speak to
him, there was a strange expression on
his pale face; Stephen felt that she un-
derstood what his demands had been. He
was not yet lifted above the power of
that decision, but there was a peace in
his soul that not all his pain could
remove. By the grace of God he had come
off conqueror.

Some days later Judith Allen came to
him as he stood at dusk by the little
garden gate of his boarding house. He
did not see her until she was close by him
and at first he could find no words to greet
her.

Judith put her hand on the gate.
"What's up, let me see, Stephen?"

"I opened the gate at a stopped side
like you in a dream. Judith came close to
him."

"Can I have put me in the shape of
seeing you," she said steadily. "I came be-
cause I found you would not come to me,
even if I sent for you, and I—could not
bear it any longer." What did that mean-
ful sentence of your name, Stephen? That
you had given me up?"

"Then, Judith, I could be talking also,
I love you—God knows how deeply—but
my way of life can never be one with
yours."

"And you?"

His voice was questioning. His reply
was grave and sad.

"No more part."

"Oh, and I want have Stephen and
remember the jumps and walks of the
world. Do you think I shall ever develop

into a possibly good minister's wife,
Stephen?"

"Judith!"

At the year in his voice her face felt
in half-week, half-outgoing expression.
He put her hand on his arm.

"Stephen, do you think I could give you
any more? You know me better than
you and our child. Since it is no longer to
be the one to yield as gracefully as may
be. Since you would not, why, I must
know. I must know your future and
how I was angry and hurt at first. But
afterward I tried to look on the matter
from your standpoint, and I think I re-
sponded. You were right, and I honor you
for it. But now—"

She held out her hands to him. He
trembled as he took them in an earnest
clasp.

"Judith, dear, not, it is not right, I fear,
to accept such a sacrifice from you. And
your father—"

"He will be disappointed, Stephen, but
his disappointment will not go to the
length of destroying my happiness. His
reason for you would murder a worse
girl than this, I think. And as for your
father, there is no chance of that from
you. I cannot live without you, and
you will have to teach me to teach, that,
before I can be of any help to you at all."

Stephen gathered her closely to him.
His voice was reverent as he said:

"Judith, do you realize all that you are
giving up?"

"For Stephen St. John's love?" Yes, and
the balance is all in your favor."

She turned and laid her cheek against
his. Very softly and sweetly she re-
sponded:

"Whether these great, I will put the
people shall be my people and my God my
God; where thou shalt I will do and there
shall I be blessed, the Lord do so to me
and more also if I might but death part
thee and me."

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ounces; sugar, 3 1/2 ounces; evaporated
milk, 8 ounces; vinegar, 1/2 pint; salt as
sauce; butter, 1 ounce. Of this ration,
just a portion is carried individually by
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wealth and refinement. The walls were
lined with well-filled book-cases and
comfortable chairs; and a thick
carpet covered the floor. "You and Oscar
looked the surprise they felt."

"You did not think to find anything of
this kind up here in the hills?" ducked
the guest. "Yes, it is a shade of surprise
to me, but it can be explained in the position
of Santa Carlo, who should you be sur-
prised at finding such simple pleasures
as these in the mountains of Italy? But I must not waste words while you,
as, are in such need of attention."

In another minute guests of strong
opinion had been placed before his in-
genious. "You've felt a grateful warmth
crawl over him as he divided his share.
With an almost professional deflection,
Larson examined the courses that Tus-
tan had sustained in his fall and adjusted
fresh bandages. "I have a little of
medicine and surgery," he said, "and
look after the health of my people. But
save for breakfast, gentlemen."

They sat down to a meal of remark-
able substantiality backed up by reality
but that he had intended himself to be
his physical condition permitted. "Gentle,
as he put it, made up for last time; but
together they could not resist the ques-
tioning force of their own eyes. The
faintest dish after dish with the appetite
of a crumbly crumb from his long
water diet. His white manners were
so friendly and so quiet as his capacity
was immeasurable.

During the meal, which threatened to
endure well on into the forenoon, Larson
talked in a way more of subjects, give
an insight into the volume life that he
had. He had traveled considerably.
Each year he quietly revisited from his
hacienda and spent some months or
more in the inner cities of Western
Europe. He spoke French and German,
as well as English. He had studied
medicine in London and Vienna, then
moved to Berlin, and the art of living
well in Paris. He was an omnivorous
reader, and had numerous papers
brought in to him every morning of his
life. He knew something of music,
much of philosophy and art, and all that
there was to know on the subject of the
government of a nation and people.
The wonder of his guests grew with each
moment.

I am telling you things about myself,
of which you can have no use, or any
caption of my personal feelings, say my
life," he continued to them. "In Sweden
they have a rule as the leader of the
free people—and a regular good fortune."
You are the first guests from the
outside world to sit at my table; and I
have told you all that, since it is the
knowledge that I am a good man, I
shall go outside this room."

They hastened to assure him that his
offer of the room could be made. "I will
Larson, this went on in tall talk of his
work with the hill tribes; how he made
and administered their law, adjusted all
differences. That was his business, he
said, and was on occasions officiated as
the mountain ruler over the largest of
the hill people, although frequently re-

ferred in many ways, still cling to cus-
toms that marked their blood relation-
ship to the apes. Finally, having com-
pleted his breakfast, Larson showed back
to the guests, and he was changed at once
and he was of service to you."

"Now for business," he said briefly,
then sharply. "My renewed drink,
which opens I have must keep rapid
for, has consumed you as you. In what
may I be of service to you?"

Forsook hesitated a moment before re-
plying. "Following quickly, and soundly-
the reason for his guests' hesitancy,
Larson rose and, walking over to his
servitor, fumbled through the pockets of
one of the pillow-cases and he found
a certain letter. This he placed in Tus-
tan's hands.

"I judged from the paper's letter that
your friend was in a certain sense a
person of importance. "Read this. It is
from Prince Peter and will allow
any uncertainties which you may have
concerned with relations to my sym-
bolism and history here."

A heavy glance through the letter as-
sumed that this not only did Larson
stand high in the regard of Prince Peter
but that he had intended himself to be
the cause that Peter was championing.

"You must pardon me," he said to
Tus-tan, "but the fact that I have been
in this country a few days only in per-
haps sufficient cause for caution. I had
only the assurance of the prince of Karl
Bauer, as to his own story."

He then told Larson of what he had
heard in the position of the royal prince
on the night of the fall, of the attempts
on his own life and later on that of
Prince Olga and finally of his own
handing periods. Oscar who had pre-
viously known little of the desert of these
fourteen, other than the mere fact that
the Princess had been abducted, listened to
the actual with keenest interest and
every emotion of excitement. The ef-
fect on his own mind and later on was
marked. He listened with a novel that
dramatic as fresh evidence of the per-
fect of his own story, the first time.

At the conclusion he changed the table
with his hope and came with slight
brotherly notes that he would not leave a
man standing at King's table.

"The Duke, Markell is a double-deal-
trick!" he declared. "For German said
he would but his country's opportunity
to resist for his own service. I have
a long way to go to settle with Mark-
ell. He has shown little sympathy to
the people of the hills. Three of my
men were injured at German's hand, and
I am sure for a valid that his country has
prevented him from the day of reform-
ing his case! How is it your power
good—The is the man that shows that
the more to him."

The host of conflict and the primitive
creeping for revenge showed in a story
the of the mountain. The reader's
contribution showed off. His eyes flash-
ed, his nostrils dilated, and as he stood
up his mouth was away from his mouth.

"By the way," he said to Tus-tan and
of my men before the gates of Kilo-
shane?" he declared.

CHAPTER XV.

The Trump Card

THE one swept behind the distant
mountain peaks. In the country of
the twilight the transition from day
into night was complete, and the stars
Olga walked from her window the last
glimpse seemed to vanish, symbol to
the morning, low, of her and the
darkness of the house met with.

She reflected on the two doors by the
window, on the events of the night be-
fore. Following her capture by a hand
and another hand, she had been
removed through the hill country by a
last effort as difficult as that which
Prince and Oscar had followed. They
had entered the house darkness of
night at an old building perched on the
crest of one of the highest peaks—ap-
parently a deserted hunting lodge. The
house of the Princess, which had increased
with each hour spent on the trail, was
somewhat altered when she found there
was a couple of men in the lodge.
But when she had comforted in one
way, the fact that they suddenly had
not respected her rank proved to her
that it was no house of mountain monks.

They were men, she concluded in one
way, the fact that they suddenly had
not respected her rank proved to her
that it was no house of mountain monks.
They were men, she concluded in one
way, the fact that they suddenly had
not respected her rank proved to her
that it was no house of mountain monks.

The lodge had not been used for some
time, although several of the rooms had
been hastily furnished, furnished with
a certain degree of elegance. There
was an added convenience which pro-
vided the Princess with some for sa-
nitary recreation as to her present pos-
ition and the likely developments of the
future. It was a house, she began to
realize the motive behind her abduction.

Any doubts that she may have
been troubled at some that day with the
arrival of the young man, who was
a wild path around the mountain side
from the opposite direction to that along
which the Princess had been brought.
The entrance was a narrow one, the
evidence of respect for the two busy
bonds who guarded the lodge. Watch-
ing the entrance of a woman of a room
on the ground floor, which had been ap-
propriated to her as a bedroom, Olga
had felt a sudden stir of excitement.
She recognized the woman, the woman
the woman to whom Prince had been so
attentive — the woman, moreover, who
had involved him in a restaurant lunch
and the woman who had had been ap-
parent to fight a duel. If Olga were all
informed of the real nature and the depth
of her interest in the Canadian, she must
nearly have been astonished at the just
and prompt which took possession
of her as she nervously, surrounded the
door through the broken shutter which
peered in the wild outside her window.
The new room unduly was attractive.

The interview which followed between
the two ladies, the Princess in a state of
excitement and Olga, who had been
nearly told her a most surprising
story, speaking in French for the benefit
of possible eavesdroppers, a story of

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"I was in a hole, all right, but I still had hold of the rope. I knew that Devlin thumbed Mr. Lee and Jetterson (Duke) Fox, Alas, and so long as they didn't get a chance to choke on it I was safe."

"Mr. Devlin," says I, "I'm glad to see you. There's a little matter I want to ask you about."

"Jetterson started to speak before Devlin could answer and I interrupted."

"It's an important matter," says I, "and I won't keep you long."

"Devlin stood looking at me like he didn't understand. Of course, Jetterson knew I knew Devlin, because I'd told him he was mine and Lee's lawyer before the fight."

"Jetterson pulled out his watch and started to go."

"I've got an appointment," says he. "I'll see you later." They started to the office about noon. Then he turned to me. "Come in and say good-bye," says he, and off he goes.

"I took me about two minutes to explain to Devlin that I'd come up to Toronto to try to get Jetterson to stop off a hundred on the mainland. Devlin laughed."

"Jetterson don't do no choppin'," says he.

"Right you are," says I. "He won't even go on an extra time."

"What was it you wanted to ask me?" says he.

"Mr. Devlin," says I, "I'm a poor man. Whether I get that money I wanted I don't know. But I got some friends to Pittsburgh who'll get it, and if you'll let me have that fifty back for railroad fare I'll make it a hundred when I settle up."

"Devlin looked hard, and I thought he'd changed his mind. But here's a griffin, that headed looked too good to lose. He cut a big smile, coughed out five tens, and handed 'em to me confidentially."

"Devlin," says he, "I know you're an honest man. I can tell it by your eyes. I feel sure you'll get the money."

"Mr. Devlin," says I, holding his hand to my head and the fifty in the other, "I will get the money." And I leave him standing there in the bank, wondering me through the window."

"Did you go to Pittsburgh?" asked Bandy.

"Bandy," said I, "I don't believe in the presence of genius. You offend me."

"Fugate me," said Bandy kindly.

"Let me see the fifty, Dandy. I just want to look it."

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